will start from this village and explore the old

Mallett farm for buried gold, Frank Davis

of Linneus has been here for a week,

using his divining rod on different parts

of the farm, and has found spots where,

he is sure, some kind of valuable metal is concealed. Though Davis is a skilled

manipulator of the witch hazel wand, hav-

ing located dozens of hidden springs of liv-

ing water without making a single mis-

# WITHOUT HONOR OR MERCY

ATROCITIES OF THE M'ELROY-MIL-LEE FEUD IN OKLAHOMA.

warfare - The Record of Amandmations -to Help from the Courts, and Federal Marshale treatd to Hunt Down the Assa PERRY, Oklahoma Territory, May 5,-The

McElroy-Miller fond in northwestern Oklahoma has been peculiarly atrocious for the sacrifices it has imposed on women and children while exacting the lives of husbands and sons. large family has been all but exterminated. and even Federal law has been too weak to ring a single person to justice. Frank O. Miller, whose father, mother, brother, uncle, and friend were assass nated near here,

esides and rides over the Territory as a deputy. under Deputy United States Marshals Bill Tightsan and Heck Thomas. Miller lives in constant fear of being shot down by hidden foes. Few men who know him, however, would willingly cross his path. He is a dead shot and a walking ersenst. Miller has been trained in a hard He lived for months in Payne couny with the knowledge that assasins folleved his every footstep. When night came be locked the doors, curtained the windows. and left the lamp unlighted. Many times he eard the tramp of feet outside of the house, and often in the darkness he would cautiously me from his bed and sit until daylight with his Wischester in his hands. When dawn came he ould not leave the house until some one had ennoitred to see that enemies were not lurkhe behind trees or fences. Miller, as the oldest and most fearless member of the family. was marked for death. His escape up to the presstime has been little short of miraculous

The beginning of the McElroy-Miller feud was privial. Highteen years ago Alexander Dayton willer was a well-to-do farmer in Bourbo munty, Kun. His sister, Fannie, was the wife of John McElroy, who lived in the same county. orge McElroy, then a boy, was the son of John McEiroy's former wife. A family quarrel grose one day while Mrs. Fannie McElroy was visiting her brother, and she was forbidden to enter the house. The brother and sister never became reconciled.

A few years later John McElroy moved to the Indian Territory and took a farm at the Creek agency, near Muskogee. Alexander Miller followed with his family, and settled thirty miles east of Tulsa. The two families were still stranged, and had nothing to do with each other. In the years that followed, George Mc-Elroy, the son, married a half-blood Creek woman and took an allotment in the extreme sorthwest corner of the Creek Nation. the Cherokee strip was opened, on Sept. 16, 1893. Alexander Miller took up a in the eastern part of Payne munty. Oklahoma Territory, about a quarter of a mile from the Creek Nation line, close to George McElroy's claim, and near Lawson Post office, about forty miles east of here. That county was then infested with desperadoes, who fellowed the windings of the timbered shores of the Cimarron River far into the western part of Oklahoma. Alexander Miller had two brothers, Bruce and Elbert or Ell Miller, who rented a large tract of land adjoining and immediately south of George McElroy's farm.

George McElroy prospered as a cattleman, and oun found his farm too small. The land east of as farm was broken and worthless, and his only satiet was southward. Bruce and Ell Miller re fasel to sell their lease, and McElroy became in-

The old family quarrel which began in Kansas was renewed. Meddling neighbors added fuel to the fire by carrying stories. Neighbors warned the Miller brothers one day that a gang of men was plotting to visit them that night, kill their families, and burn their homes. That was on Sunday, April 16, 1894. The Miller bothers lived half a mile apart. On Sunday afternoon Bruce Miller took his wife and three children, and accompanied by John Baldinger, a emband known as Dutch John, went to his brother's home for the night. Ell Miller's famconsisted of his wife, one child, and his mother, Mrs. Bettie Miller, nearly 80 years old. The house was darkened and barricaded, and the watchers waited for the coming of the enemy. They sat up all night, but not a sound tras heard.

At the first gray light of dawn on Monday morning Bruce Miller and Dutch John prepared to go back to the farm to work. Dutch John was armed with a shotgun. The two stepped cautiously from the house and looked about them. No one was in sight. Down the side of the little hill on which the house stood and about 100 feet away was a spring that trickled from the rocks in a thicket. A well-worn path iting in the path resting its head on its paws. idenly the dog pricked up its ears.

"I believe that dog sees somebody," said Putch John as he started toward the spring, fol- pretty heavily interested. lawed by Miller. They had advanced only a less steps when a cloud of smoke came from the thicket, followed by the rattle of Winchesters. There was a hail of bullets. Dutch John fell dead with four balls in his body. Bruce Miller turned and ran for his life toward the house. His three-year-old boy had just come from the house. Part of the boy's shoulder was torn away by a ball as he was caught up by his father, who narrowly escaped death from a bullet which passed across his stomach, cutting through his undershirt, but not breaking the skin. The two tumbled into the house and the family retreated to the middle room, which was built of heavy logs.

The assassins poured shot into the be reaking the dishes in the cupboard and sending ballet through the sleeve of the aged mother. he bestegers encircled the house and kept up a desiltory firing all day and a greater part of the allowing night. The house was riddled with billets. There were about fifteen men in the gang, and persons who came riding along the man were halted and made prisoners. A rail ence was torn down and piled up as a barricade. The Millers were crack shots, but were unable to tatch sight of their enemies.

louse in the darkness and talked to the women. declaring themselves to be officers and telling them that outlaws were harbored in the house and must be surrendered. This outlaw story afterward proved an ingenious part of the legaefence. The Millers knew nearly all the outaws in that part of the country and had known hem before they became fugitives from justice. They had not refused afterward, as old acquaintets, to lodge them at night and provide them

articipated in the plunder. The women ventured outside the house on Inciday at noon and found that the gang had sparted. The body of Dutch John was still in e path where it had failen on Monday morn All the buildings on Bruce Miller's farm ad been burned. The Millers lost no time going other relatives in Payne county. Ell Miller's ter was laid before the United States Grand sury at Fort Smith, Ark., and the following persas were indicted for the murder of Dutch John: George McElroy, J. C. Bland, a physician; Charles Hook, Henry Hook, and Thomas Stuffle-leam. Several persons who had been captured during the slege testified. During the prosecution members of the Miller family were re-Extedly indicted for such crimes as horse stealing, murder, &c., but in every case a nolle los, was entered. The five defendants swore that they had attacked the house while in the bursuit of outlaws. They were acquitted in February, 1805.

Bruce Miller had gone to Ingalls meantime, there he had a butcher shop. On the night of reh 26, 1 895, he went into a saloon and was teaching for a glass techind the bar when a Winthester ball came through the window and truck him squarely in the heart. Another bulat tore a hole in the bar close by. Everybody fed from the saloon except his nephew, Dorsey Miller, son of Alexander Miller, who lived near Lauson. He was unarmed, but went quietly to the door and saw the two men who did the hooring mount their horses and ride away. that bit of curiosity came near costing him his ife, as it was believed that he recognized the Sen. He was marked for death.
The United States Attorney at Fort Smith

teither Women Nor Children Spared in the

was aroused by the escape of the five men from onviction. They were again indicted, this time for arson and assault with intent to kill in the case of Mrs. Bettle Miller. The late Judge Parker was presiding. The men were convicted in September, 1895. Charles Hook and Sam Stufflebeam were sentenced to nine years each and the three others to twelve years each. The cases were appealed and the men were sent to jail in default of bonds.

The bloodiest chapter of the vendetta was

recorded while McElroy and his associates were

in jail awalting a new trial. Alexander Miller and his family had returned to their homes near Lawson from Fort Smith, where they had testified against the five convicted men. The Miller home consisted of two rooms. A long porch ran across the front of the house. In the fron troom were two beds, one in the southwest corner and the other in the southeast corner. A door led from this room into the rear room. In the yard was a dugout, where the meals were prepared. On the evening of Oct. 11, 1895, there were at the home Alexander Miller. the father, 50 years old; the mother, of about the same age, and the children-William, 19 years old; Dorsey, 22; Benjamin, 16; Charles, 11, and Bessie, 13. The mother was cooking the evening meal in the dugout. The father, who was ill, owing to his long trip from Fort Smith, was lying on the outer edge of one bed. with his face toward the wall. A lamp was burning in the room. Dorsey had been lying on the outer edge of the other bed, but had rolled to the other side, when William, who had just eaten supper, lay down and began reading a book. Benjamin was sitting behind a stove in the middle of the room. The little girl and the youngest boy were with their mother in the dugout. Suddenly two Winchesters were thrust through the open door of the house and were discharged almost at the same instant. A ball tore through the father's back and cut off his left hand, which was resting against the chest. He sprang to his feet, staggered forward a few steps, and sank down and died. William was struck in the left side, the ball coming out at the upper part of his right chest. He jumped to the floor and ran to escape through a door into a rear room. As he reached the door two more shots were fired, one bullet striking him in his loin and the other tearing off his left hand. Benjamin blew out the lamp. The mother had just sat down to her supper facing the entrance to the dugout. As she raised a pitcher of syrup in her hand the assassins fired from the darkness and she was killed instantly. She fell backward with a gaping hole in her chest. Another shot tore off one breast. The pitcher of syrup was lying on her plate when she was found. The empty shells as they had been thrown from the Winchesters were on the ground in front of the door. It had been the purpose of the assassins to kill Dorsey Miller instead of his brother William, because of his having seen the men who killed Bruce Miller at Ingalls. One of the assassins had peered into the house to locate the different perons, and while he was gone to report to his confederates William Miller had entered the house and taken the place of Dorsey on the bed.

As soon as the lamp was blown out Dorse seized a Winchester and ran into the yard. There was dim starlight, but no one could be seen. The faint beat of horses' feet could be heard in the distance. A search the next day showed where four horses had been tied in a grove about two hundred yards from the house. and there were also footprints of four men leadbeen ridden away toward the Creek coun-Dorsey Miller went at once for assist try. The children at the house were with the dead until 2 o'clock alone in the morning. The wounded brother, who had sought refuge in the rear room, was found with his head leaning upon a trunk. He was in great agony, and his blood covered the floor. The children lifted him to the floor and rolled him on a mattress. He had been a Christian for a number of years under adverse surroundings, and as he embraced his brothers and sister he told them that he was dying and hoped to get a Christian's reward.

Judge Parker died at Fort Smith, and the appealed case of the five men sentenced to the penitentiary gradually lost strength, until last January, when a nolle pros. was entered for all, and they went free. Deputy United States Marshals are afraid to search for evidence within the territory scourged by the vendetta. and the Millers who have not been killed off have been forced to flee the country.

# GAS WELL ENTERPRISE.

### Effect of the Poissning of a Bog on a Project That Looked Promising.

"Just to show you how little things have afhe house to the spring. A dog was | feeted some of my big undertakings," said the ex-boomer from Oregon, "let me tell you how the poisoning of a dog was responsible for the whole history of a gas well in which I was once

"About the time we moved onto the ranch near Drain, Ore., my boy Charles was very much interested in chemistry, and was devoting most of his spare time to performing a lot of ex-periments in an old book which he had on the subject. My wife became rather prejudiced against his experiments after he had frightened Ham Song, our Chinese cook, into hysterics by appearing before him one dark night with phosphorus rubbed on his face and hands, and I also began to fear that he might do himself some injury after I found a plant for generating laughing gas at work on my library table one afternoon. My feeling against chemistry reached a head, however, when my pet deer hound ate up one of Charley's when my pet deer hound ate up one of charley's experiments and died as a result. After that I refused to buy a new chemistry book or any more chemicals, and banished all future research in that line to an old shack that stood over the other side of the cattle corral.

"It was some time after this that we began to discuss the possibility of there being deposits of natural gas under Drain, and half a dozen of us undertook to make an investigation of the

undertook to make an investigation of the subject. We found large quantities of some kind of gas that bubbled up from the creek bed

subject. We found large quantities of some kind of gas that bubbled up from the ereck bed when we poked about with sticks. We could fill a five gallon coal oil can with it in two or three minutes at almost every point we tried, and the gas burned with a bright yellow fisme that emitted considerable light and heat. When I got home the night after discovering these facts I put my pride in my pocket and groped my way down to Charley's shack to consult him on the subject of natural gas.

"I guess it's only marsh gas you have found, was his verdict. You see, for the last thirty years there have been sawmills on the creek above where this gas occurs, and the sawdust from them is probably decaying all along the creek bottom, and that produces marsh gas.

"When I asked him for authority for his statement, he got out the old book that I had refused to replace with a more modern work and showed me a paragraph stating that marsh gas was a product of the decomposition of wood under water. Then the next paragraph caught my eye. It went on to say that in boring a well, in some place I have forgotten, a large body of gas had been discovered, called natural gas, which was thought to be merely a natural reservoir of marsh gas. To a man in my state of mind, this statement was conclusive; I took no notice of the fact that the book had been published back in the seventies somewhere, but spent the most of that night in drawing up the papers of the Drain Natural Gas Company.

"Inside of a mouth I had a charter and an in-

somewhere, but spent the most of that night in drawing up the papers of the Drain Natural Gas Company.

"Inside of a month I had a charter and an incorporated company with one-half of its capital stock paid up, and had made a contract with a man named Corbett to sink a well at so much per thousand feet. We had two so-called experts go over the ground and published their reports, stating that the formation of the country was superior to that of Pennsylvania, and prophesying the discovery of oil as well as gas. Of course a good deal of real estate changed hands white preparations to commence drilling were in progress. We located the well across the creek from Drain, plotting a town site around it which we called South Drain. We advertised extensively, and were just about ready to commence the sale of lots when Corbett began to strike difficulties. At the depth of 500 feet he ran into alternate layers of quicksand and slate that choked the drills by tumbling in above them, until we had to stop and case the well. My associates began to withdraw about this time, but in spite of the black outlook I did not lose faith. I bet my son Charlie a new chemistry book that we would strike gas yet. I bought out the other interests in the South Drain town site, and bluffed Corbett into sinking the well to a total depth of 702 feet, but it never produced anything except salt water.

"South Drain dropped back to its original value of \$8,75 an acre, instead of \$100 a lot, and when I undertook to fesce it in and cultivate it, the one solitary man who had bought a lot and built on it got out an injunction restraining me from closing up the public streets. Charley got his new chemistry, and showed me the place in it that explained the difference between marsh gas and natural gas, and he is still in the habit of smilling whencer."

## BULL FIGHTING AS IT IS. AMERICAN'S DESCRIPTION

THE MEXICAN SPORT.

His Only Regret Was That None of the Pighters Was Gored-That's the Way the Sport Grows on One If He is.

If you should visit a Mexican city on a Sunday would do what forty-nine out of every fifty American visitors do, see a bull fight. That is what the writer did a few Sundays ago in the City of Mexico. And you would come away vowing that Mexicans are the most bloodthirsty people you ever saw. It is a feast for the deprayed, a relic of barbarism, but very popular with the Mexican masses. Often as many as 10,000 people sit through the spectacle, and the more blood spilled the louder they cheer. Compared to a bull fight, a prize fight or a hanging bee is tame. You might as well compare an Indian medicine show to a three-ring railroad circus with a string of eleven elephanta.

Every Mexican city has one or two bull rings, and in at least two cities there are double rings where two fights can be seen at the same time for one admission fee, on the plan of the big American circuses. Troupes of bull fighters travel from one city to another, just the same as circuses, playing engagements of several weeks in each city and receiving a stipulated sum for each performance.

Bull fights are held on Sundays and feast days. It was to the Plaza de Toros bull ring that the writer made his way. This ring is shaped like an amphitheatre, open to the sky. The arcna is inclosed by a plank fence four feet high, with a rail a foot wide, eighteen inches from the ground on the inside, on which performers step and vault over the fence when too hotly pursued by an angry bull, landing in a narrow alley that separates the fence from the first row of seats. arena is 200 feet in diameter, and the floor is of sand, packed hard. Back of the alley twenty tiers of plank seats rise up. Above these are the boxes, furnished with chairs, crowded closely together. Facing the arena on the first tier of seats is the private box of the referee and his bugler, and near by is the band stand. The amphitheatre will seat 10,000 people. The admission ranges from 25 cents to \$2, seats on the sunny side of the ring costing just one-half as much as those in the shade. A box costs from \$8 to \$20, and will hold from four to ten people.

The fights begin at 3 o'clock and end at 6, but the crowd begins to arrive an hour before the sport begins. Mexican peons are poor, but none of them is so poor that he cannot dig up money enough at least every other Sunday to buy a ticket for the bull fight. They sit so close to gether on the sunny side that their broad-brim, high-crown straw hats resemble circles of toadstools. The well to do and fashionables occupy the boxes, and there is always a liberal sprink ling of foreigners in the crowd.

Twenty minutes before 3 o'clock the band ar rived and was welcomed with a prolonged cheer from the bleachers. The leader arose and bowed his acknowledgments, and then the band struck up a quickstep. Then came the referee, and he was cheered, too. The referee is a Gov. ernment or State official, and has charge of the performance. It is his duty to see that the bulls have a fair show, to impose fines if members of the troupe do not put up a good fight, and to act as master of ceremonies. The sport is governed by as stringent rules as prize fighting. One rule

remember 1. In the day to see that helped for the control of the c

ondary cause present in the operation of the bulbs-as, for example, the generation of ozone my own health, and that of two persons who were daily under the influence of the rays, more or less, has materially improved, and, whatever be the reason, it is a fact that a troublesom cough with which I was constantly afflicted has entirely disappeared, a similar improvement being observed on another person.

In carrying further my investigations, I

with the skin, the electrical charges will be given off, and may give is to destructive local.

The charged particles give rise to an abundant generation of zone and other gases, and those thing as rubher, and arc, charge even such as thing as rubher, and arc, charge even such as thing as rubher, and arc, charge even such as the gase of the content of gaseous matter with the skin, seems to stop all action.

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The gaseous matter with the skin, seems to stop all action and the same the gaseous that the same that the same that the same that the same the gaseous that the same that intle hamiet in Stark county. Upon reaching the town Mr. McAdoo discovered that Major McKinley was to make a Republican speech there the same night, and then he found to his discust that the Republican meeting had been advertised for three weeks, while notice of the coming of McAdoo had been riven only the day before. His habitual good humor prevented him from making a fuss, however, and he delivered his speech in a cooper shop. Major McKinley having taken the Baptist church, which was the country of the second business of the second him to the s

ored his speech in a cooper shop, Major McKinley having taken the Baptist church, which was the only other available place.

McAdoo had a pretty good audience, and he had talked for a little while when he was surprised to notice that all his audience left. A few moments later another crowd came in and took their places. The orator learned afterward that this was simply the method adopted by the citizens of Navarre for taking in two political speeches in one night. Stump speakers of national reputation do not visit Navarre very often, and so the audience took advantage of every opportunity without regard to partisan prejudice. After the meeting was over, Mr. McAdoo went to the hotel, a little dingy, uncomfortable country tavern, and laid been there but a moment when word was brought to him that Major McKinley would like to see him in his room. The Democratic orator thereupon climbed the little stairway and found the future President in a sx by hime room and very glad to see him. The Major greeted Mr. McAdoo warmly and expressed regret that he had not been able to show him any social courtesies while he was in Canton, and said that he would have been pleased to have driven him about and made his visit entogable. Cigars were lighted, and until two o'clock in the morning these two political rivals, who had but recently crossed swords in a tariff debate in the House of Representatives, entertained each other with anecdotes of Washington life, Now, all on account of Major McKinley, Mr. McAdoo has very pleasant recollections of his visit to Navarre, and he points to Major McKinley, Mr. McAdoo has very pleasant recollections of his visit to Navarre, and he points to Major McKinley's friendliness and kindliness that night as an illustration of the manner in which he is now popularizing himself with the public.

Two More, Once Familiar, That Have Now Fallen into Disuse.

"I mentioned the other day, as a baseball term that had fallen into decay," said Mr. Bifferly, "the 'goose egg.' This term, time honored, and once commonly employed, is now no longer heard. Two other terms, once as familiar, and almost as commonly used, but now put away on the same shelf with the goose egg, are the red-hot grounder and the daisy cut-

are the 'red-hot grounder' and the 'daisy cutter.'

"The daisies grow now just as they did then for which let us be duly grateful, but the base-ball is a daisy cutter no longer. The balls are heated now as red hot as ever-if anything, a little hotler, but such a ball is no longer described as in the phrase once familiar, as a 'red-hot grounder.' The extreme warmth of the sphere is now referred to in some other manner.

"The fact is that in baseball, as in all things else, fashions change, and phrases that to-day seem to glow with descriptive fervor may to-morrow seem dull and spiritless indeed."

# A Unique Kentucky Bugle.

A Unique Kentucky Bugle.

From the Frankfort Call.

It is a burde made of two slabs of cedar about three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, and bent into a funnel-shaped horn. The bell or mouth is 13½ inches in circumference. It is hooped with cowhorn rings and from bands. The bugle is the property of Mrs. Annie Mayhali, granddaughter of the late Capt. Robert Collins, who was a soldier in the war of 1812-1815. It was in the campaign of Col. Richard M. Johnson, and was at the death of Tecumseh. Capt. Collins was a bugler for the regiment, and this is the identical instrument he used during the war, and which ordered the famous charge of Col. Johnson. Capt. Collins was a mechanical genius, and with his own hands made the instrument. Every morning at sunrise he waked the neighborhood for miles around with his reveille call from his bugle, until his death in 1-64.

Heard from His Cheese Message.

From the Utica Observer.

Heigh Kirkpatrick, who has made cheese at the Jersey factory in the town of Philadelphia, Jefferson county, for several years, placed a small glass vial in one of his cheeses last August. In the vial was a note giving the name and address of the manufacturer of the cheese, with a request that the finder of the note report as to where and when the cheese reached the consumer, and in what condition it was when cut. Last week Mr. Kirkpatrick received a reply to his note from James Ashworth, a dealer of Burney, England, who had found the vial. Mr. Ashworth wrote that he had bought fifty of these cheeses at Manchester, and was retailing them at 15 cents per pound.

Sun, Sunday, May 9, 1897.

The multimake show frawladily and showed the received significant to the credit significant to

and prosperous people, cultivating vast fields and rasing; enormous heris of stock. In the course of time, exaited by power and riches, they became aggressive and domineering inward their weaker neighbors. For weeks at a time they would neelect their fields and hereds while they raided some nearby tribe. The Great Spirit whom they had always worshipped grew angry at them, for he was the father of all the tribes alike, and resolved to send some terrible visitation, that they might know the strength of his hand. It came at nonaday, when all the men and women were in the fields. Suddenly out of a clear sky a bright light burst and a great wind, followed by a trembling of the whole earth. The frightlened people turned to run for their homes, but before they could reach the walls of the nuchlo the ground opened and they were all swallowed up. Then darkness covered the sky, and for many hours the shrieks of those who had been left within the city walls were heard above the sounds of the falling of their homes. When light came again there was not a sign of habitation left upon all the wide mesa. Nearly the whole tribe had been swep away. But some of them were saved. In one place whore the ground opened it had only partly closed again, leaving two separate mesas upon its sides. The lower was broader han the upper, and, moreover, opened out into the channel of a great stream, but the upper was cut off from approach either by ascent or from their brethren below. At the bottom life night be supported on lish and stray fowl, and on the sides of their rocky prison grew bushes and stanted trees which yielded an abundance of berries and pluncholes in season. So the little band set shout to be in life again. First of all they sought to build a path to their imprisoned brothers on the upper mesa. Their mumbers were few, and they had only such ruie implements at hand as might be made from the tough young saplings. Each day saw them painfully and slowly advancing upward, but each day fold upon the hungry and sunderform the steady

when they died and reached their home behind the stars.

The tradition continues to relate how men from other tribes, generations afterward, found the pathway heavn with so much told and care, and came and settled among the Ava Supis, Gradually intercourse sprang up with the outside world. From the Moqui villages they obtained seeds of many kinds, and grew into semicivilized pursuits.

All traditions have more or less foundation, though sometimes, and, indeed, often it is very meagre. It is possible that the harrow defliewhich is now the happy home of the Ava-Supis was the result of one of those fearful earthquakes which in times past were not at all uncommon in these latitudes. The mesa above is covered for miles around with debris and volcanic deposit, indicating a mighty earth deturbance at some time.